

Bits and Pieces: RBG Short Stories

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Bits and Pieces: RBG Short Stories

by [Twisty_Little_Passages](#)

Summary

This will be where my collection of RBG one-shots will survive and thrive! From crack-ships to apocalypse AUs—COME ON DOWN. It's fun for everyone!

Notes

Our first ship showcase: Happyman and Green Monster get tipsy and frisky. ;D

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Another starry night blanketed every corner of Ratboy's Kingdom. Moonlight wormed its way through the natural skylights scattered about the Rat Caves, casting patches of silver on the uneven stone. Somewhere deep down, laughter bounced off the cavern walls, out of reach from the rest of the world—but that was just how it went during these little retreats: all noise and nonsense, with the moon for third company.

"You really can't handle your liquor, can you?" The question came floating down, mellow and low, from Green Monster. He loomed overhead his human companion, Happyman, arms folded and lips twisted into a grin he tried and failed to disguise.

Happyman was a heap. No remnant of dignity left in him, sprawled out in a dirt patch, scrabbling for purchase before giving up entirely. The walkabout around the Kingdom—which had sounded so promising half a bottle ago—had come to a pit stop.

"I, uh... mphm," came the reply, muffled and soggy. Happyman's chin bobbed up for one shining second before the dirt reclaimed him. "Gimme a moment," he uttered, though the words seeped into the ground.

A sigh. A roll of the eyes. All routine for Green Monster as he stooped down. "Let's get you upright," he chirped, sliding from exasperation to fondness in a single breath. He fished Happyman from the floor and propped him up. "Whoa there, fella," he cooed while letting the little human anchor himself to the monster's heft.

For a second, Happyman just stared up, eyes wide catching the moon's brightness like timid puddles of cobalt blue. The blush of his smile had spread to the tips of his ears. He looked utterly defenseless, deliberately so.

"Carry me?" he squeaked, so faint his voice nearly vanished.

Green Monster hesitated only for a moment's spell. His answer was a deep, rolling chuckle—the sort that shook dust from the wooden coaster tracks overhead. Before Happyman could reconsider, he found himself airborne, cradled in arms that could bend iron, his face pressed into a comforting wall of sweater. The world narrowed to the slow, steady thump of the monster's heart beneath the fuzzy wool.

Then, a jolt. "Say, you got more of those lil gin samples?" Happyman wriggled, hands burrowing through the pockets and folds of his friend. If he was met with resistance, he ignored it; though he managed to unearth nothing except a startled squawk from the monster.

"Wha—? Don't you think you've had enough?" Green Monster's voice climbed as he tried to deflect the barrage of searching hands.

"Never!" Happyman latched onto Green Monster's collar, pitching backward in mock intimidation. His slurred words came out playfully hostile: "Hand over the goods, punk! This is a stick-up!" Each attempt to restrain him only fueled more determined squirming.

Green Monster decided to let gravity handle the situation. He loosened his grip, and Happyman landed on the cave floor with a pitiful thud. The monster leaned over him, staring stern enough to curdle milk. Unimpressed, the unhappy man crossed his arms and jutted out his lower lip in silent protest.

"Happyman, you've had enough."

"Hmph!" came the huffy retort.

Green Monster tried to maintain his frown, but couldn't hold it. There was something undeniably endearing about the little man's stubborn ways. With a sigh, he plopped down beside Happyman against the wall, both eventually staring up at the cracks in the cave ceiling.

"Green Monster?" The voice of the human piped up, smaller than before.

"Hmm?"

"Can we..." He rolled onto his side, those big, hopeful eyes looking up again. "Can we go back to your place?"

Green Monster's eyebrow lofted an impressive distance, and a flush of confusion crept up his face. "Uh, sure? Are you... okay?" If there was a code to these human emotions, the monster hadn't been given the manual. "You're not feeling sick are you?"

He squinted, watching the clumsy fingers of his friend dig crude art in the dirt, like something might be hiding within if he just kept analyzing. The silence went on, cut only by a clumsy giggle as Happyman scrambled to his feet. Green Monster followed, catching one flailing hand just before the human toppled over.

"I'm fine..." Happyman insisted, though his wobbling legs told a different story. "Let's getta move on, big guy!"

What followed was a spectacular, not-at-all dignified journey out of the caves and toward the lake; involving several near-falls and one particularly heated confrontation with an aggressive shrub. Finally, they reached Green Monster's modest riverside shack, where Happyman immediately flopped onto a lumpy straw couch and began wrestling the nearest pillow as if it had personally offended him.

While Happyman performed increasingly elaborate combat moves against the innocent cushion, Green Monster filled a glass with water. Perhaps a little hydration might soften the hangover his friend was destined to meet. He turned, only to have a pillow knock the glass clean from his hand.

On the far side of the room, Happyman looked inordinately pleased with himself.

"Oh, it's on..."

To most, the look on Green Monster's face would have been terrifying. For Happyman, it sparked something exciting. Lost in the moment, he barely registered how his monstrous

friend charged at him, radiating theatrical fury as he pinned him firmly against the couch.

Tunnel vision. All Happyman could see were those angry, narrowed eyes. All he could feel was Green Monster's heavy weight against his chest, yet restrained enough not to crush.

Happyman's hands slipped free, seizing double fistfuls of sweater. "Think you're tough, eh?" he taunted, words fired point-blank into the monster's face. "You're all *green*—no *monster*!"

Green Monster growled. The sound was supposed to be menacing, but Happyman only grinned wider. "That's it. No more mister nice guy."

"Can't catch me!" Happyman crowed, somehow slithering free and scrambling to the other end of the couch.

Green Monster huffed, a surprising heat rising in his chest at the challenge. He dove, landing half on top of Happyman, who responded by kicking wildly, his laughter filling the small shack as the monster dragged him back by the leg.

"Will you—just—stay still!" Green Monster panted, trying to capture Happyman's flailing limbs. Every point where their bodies connected registered distinctly. The strip of pale skin where the human's shirt had ridden up, the excited little gasps he made.

"Make me," Happyman whispered underneath his friend, voice dropping an octave.

The next few seconds unfolded in a slapstick flurry—a tangle of elbows, knees, and indignant squeals as Happyman, drunk on gin and bravado, refused submission. "This all you got?" he challenged, holding Green Monster in a headlock. "C'mon. Say uncle! Give up while you still can."

Green Monster glared dull daggers. "I am not saying uncle."

"You just did." Happyman grinned.

If Green Monster was fazed, he hid it behind a grunt and a massive arm, which promptly seized both of Happyman's wrists and pinned them above his head on the armrest. The more he jerked, the firmer the grip became.

For a moment, neither moved. There was only panting, the pounding of their hearts. Then, with a burst of manic energy, Happyman bucked his hips and twisted, attempting to flip the monster over. His plan failed; Green Monster barely budged, but the struggle set off another tangled battle, each determined to dominate the other.

Then it happened. In the middle of a particularly tense standoff, Green Monster's arms wrapped tight around the human's waist, Happyman's hands digging into the monster's shoulder blades—they both hitched, eyes locking, and as if they did this every Saturday night, their lips met.

Something in Green Monster's chest tightened. This was dangerous territory; Happyman was very drunk, thoughts clouded by alcohol no doubt, while Green Monster retained just enough sobriety to know better. Not enough to pull away, though.

After a long, messy eternity, Happyman broke the kiss, blinking with a dazed expression. The world reordered itself. The air cooled between them. Horror gradually painted itself across his face as realization finally dissolved his moxie.

"Oh god."

Green Monster sat back calmly on his knees, every limb frozen, processing. The memory of Happyman's lips still buzzed warm on his own. The human, on the other hand, looked ready to collapse into a shameful ball, knuckles shuddering where they twisted into the hem of his sleeve.

"I—" Happyman quivered. "I shouldn'ta—" He buried his face in his hands, shoulders shaking with the effort of holding it all in.

"Happy, it's fine—"

But Happyman was inconsolable, emotions amplified tenfold. Tears streamed down his face as he shook his head. "I didn't mean to do that," he sobbed. "I got carried away—I've always—but you're my best—the most—"

Before Green Monster could process this emotional whiplash, Happyman lunged forward, not in attack, but to wrap him in a desperate hug. His thin arms couldn't fully encircle the monster's bulk, but he tried anyway.

"I love you," came the muffled confession against Green Monster's shoulder. "Please don't let this ruin everything!" The delirious, unplanned words torn from somewhere deep inside Happyman that even he hadn't fully explored until this moment. "I'm such an idiot!"

Green Monster blinked sudden clarity. "No, no, hey! It's fine! I'm not mad. You're totally okay, buddy. Promise."

But Happyman's chest still stuttered with each breath. "I—I don't know what I was—"

"Shhh," murmured Green Monster, easing down to wrap him up and anchor him to the here and now.

Time pooled around them. Happyman's trembling faded by slow degrees, replaced by a tentative, shivering calm. Green Monster absently stroked his friend's pointy green hair, idly playing with the red bandanna.

"Oh, Happyman. You're such a mess when you drink." The fondness in his voice was unmistakable—and contagious. Happyman's mouth curved into its own wobbly smile.

"Yeah..." A sniff. "But I meant it. S'not just the drinks talkin'."

Green Monster needed only a second to compute. "I know, I love you too."

"Really? Like, more than just friends?" Happyman winced, bracing himself for the answer.

"Yes." The monster pulled away to face him, fixing him with a gentleness that brooked no argument. "I never loved anything more than you."

A beat. Happyman beamed, practically glowing. "Even more than water? I know how much you love water."

Green Monster chuckled. "Even more than the water you just spilled everywhere."

Soft giggling gave way to silence as they stared at each other, like contestants in a high-stakes competition until, finally, the magnetic pull between them closed the gap once more. Happyman felt like he was dreaming. He'd waited for this since their first meeting in acting school, when a gigantic, wonderful monster had waltzed into his life.

If only he weren't so dizzy. If only he could slow down—but control was a lost cause. Suddenly Happyman was kissing Green Monster with ferocious, giddy abandon, unable to decide where to land between his face and neck. Each movement was pure, tension release.

For the first few chimes, the doorbell remained a merely atmospheric background hum entirely lost to Happyman and his singular fixation. Only after the third ring did Green Monster attempt to flag his partner, mumbling insistently against those locked lips. The warning jousting with a lust that refused to yield.

Happyman, catching the half-heard noises, simply echoed them in return. A pleased, fluttery moan, convinced that was all that was being asked for. The muffled protests escalated until, in what could only be deemed a cosmic affront, Green Monster tore himself away, reclaiming air.

Liberated, if briefly, Happyman tried to distract with urgent, honeyed nonsense whispered into the space between them. But Green Monster would not be swayed. In a flurried scramble, he untangled himself from the couch and darted for the front door.

"Nooo, don't goooo..." Happyman's whine trailed after him, hands grasping helplessly at the void recently vacated by his new boyfriend.

Defeat was swift and total. Watching the emerald object of his bottled-up desire abandon him to answer the door, Happyman's only weapon was melodrama. He writhed—a full-bodied, tragic display—as Green Monster left him behind to deal with the intrusion.

The hinges complained with a whimper as Green Monster reluctantly cracked open the door, his face arranged into a timid welcome for the visitors crowding the threshold.

"Oh! Ratboy..." He managed a smile that sat awkwardly on his lips. "What brings you—"

"It's me, the Ratboy Genius!" The yellow mouse interrupted with characteristic exuberance, his large ears wiggling with joy.

"And me, the Little Summer Solstice Baby!" followed Ratboy's girlfriend.

"We just wanted to stop by and say hi! And Baby made this spontaneous late night casserole, so we thought we'd share it with our dear friends. Is Happyman around?"

Green Monster's eyes tightened. "Actually, um—"

From the depths of the shack came a cataclysmic howl, wretched and raw. "*GREEN MONSTER PLEASE RETURN TO ME!*"

Ratboy and Baby froze, cut to silence by the volume of misery reverberating through the walls.

"Is everything okay in there?" The two guests chorused.

"Right now isn't the best time, guys."

But Ratboy was already craning past Green Monster's side. "Happyman, are you good?!"

"**GO AWAY!**" The lament was punctuated by a sodden pillow flying out of the gloom, clipping the back of Green Monster's head before plopping to the floor with a splat.

"Uh, we gotta go now. Bye," Ratboy rushed, voice shrunk to embarrassment. The casserole was thrust into Green Monster's hands before the two made a swift, near-silent retreat down the steps.

With the door shut behind him, Green Monster exhaled. Inside, Happyman sprawled off the couch, upside down and limp.

Green Monster surveyed the scene from the doorway, a hand at his hip, patience long gone. "After tonight, you're never drinking again. You hear me?"

But Happyman heard nothing at all; he was adrift, snoring coarsely as a casualty of his own sorrow. With a click of his teeth—a small punctuation to the evening's chaos—Green Monster withdrew to the kitchen. Perhaps, he thought, he'd better have a drink himself.

End Notes

Happyman is totally not based on how I act when wasted.

Feel free to suggest pairing ideas if ya'll have any! Reviews and kudos are appreciated!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!